Table of Contents

1. 《Chapter.1》
2. 《Chapter.2》
3. 《Chapter.3》
4. 《Chapter.4》
5. 《Chapter.5》

《Chapter.1》

Germany was gasping for air. Clinging onto his chest for dear life. His rips were hurting and his throat seemed to burn like the air itself was on fire. It hit his face while running. Cold and wet but oh so hot. Sometimes the German man slipped on the frozen ground while running but he always caught himself. The last thing he wanted was to slip in front of the other few people who he saw from time to time standing on the sideline deep in a morning talk or sitting on wet benches. Germany wondered how many of them will wake up with a bladder infection. They must be insane to be up this early on a Sunday morning and even more insane to get out of their warm cozy house. "The next tree.", he thought to himself, "Only to the next tree then I will stop" He promised himself as he started running even faster. The sounds Germany's shoes were making on the ground were the only sound to be heard. It was early. Pretty early. But Germany couldn't sleep any longer, so he decided to use the silent morning to do something about his figure. He thought about becoming more sporty for a long time but the man was too busy for it. New year New me. Germany closed his eyes, trying to concentrate on his hitching breath. That's when he felt his foot slip on the wet ground. He was so in thought, he didn't realize how he slowly drifted to the side of the small path he was running on, now running on the wet side grass. Wet and slippery. "AH, VERDAMMTE SCHEISSE!" He hissed loudly as he felt pain shooting up his back like lighting itself. He laid on his back trying to catch his uneven breath. The wet grass soaking his jacket in cold morning dust. Germany's heart racing as adrenaline pumped through his small body. "Damn, that was a hard fall." He didn't look up. He didn't need to. Germany started to rub his rips instead. Sighing at the small relief. "Are you alright?" - "What do you think?" He could hear someone coming closer, the wet grass making annoying squitschy sounds underneath their sport shoes and not even seconds later, America's grinning face showed up in front of him. "You look like a wandering corpse!" "This does answer your question!" He sat up and stretched. Hissing as another wave of pain flood through him."I didn't know you liked jogging in the morning? Even tough- you

don't look like you do it often." "Fick dich-" He hissed, rolling his eyes at the insulting comment. America started laughing. Germany stood up carefully- oh god. His ass hurt like hell-

"What are you doing here this early?" He gave the other man a suspicious look. He knew USA well enough that he knew the man would never wake up this early on his own free will. "Oh-" He hesitated, not for long but for long enough to make Germany look at him curiously
"I need to bring Philippines those books! He said he really needed them!" Germany turned away. Now counting the stones on the path. He never really saw the two countries together anymore. Though he could remember them being much closer before.
"You and Philippines don't really seem to like each other though?" He know asked letting his curiosity win the better of him.
"It's a long story." It was a short answer but Germany understood immediately. He was not stupid after all. America grabbed the bag with his books. "I hope your ass is fine." He said, probably trying to break the unnerving silence, only to make it worse. "My ass is good thanks. Thank you for your concerns." The conversation made Germany cringe. Not in a bad way of course but in a way you can only feel when you talk to USA. They were standing in silence now. "I-I feel uneasy." Germany admitted slowly. "I just asked about your ass. How do you think I feel?" The ice broke. Like always when he talked to the taller country. Germany let out a small laugh. "Are you up for a coffee?" The German man rubbed his cold hands. Humming approvingly. "Of course. I just waited for you to ask!"

The rising sun started to warm up the cold air when Germany and America left the coffee shop. It would be hard to explain the exact topic they were talking about, sitting on a round white table in the middle of a cottagecore coffee but Germany felt much better. The coffee made him feel warm and the small slice of cake America ordered for him made him feel even better. He completely forget his new year resolution. "Thank you for paying." Germany gave the American man an honest smile. "No problem. Anytime!" "So what about those books?" America looked down at the bag in his hand as if he had forgot about it, which he probably had. "I still need to deliver them, I guess-" "Awesome! I'll keep you company!" Germany smiled at him. "Oh, you don't need to!" Germany grabbed the bag

out of his hand, ignoring the other countries disapproving sounds. "Well yeah,obviously I do not need to! But I want to!" America sighed, relieved, but his friend couldn't decide if it was because he didn't need to handle the weight of the books any longer or because of of his decision to join him. Germany felt at ease anyway.

"I need a break!" Germany let out a huge huff. "Seriously? We've only been walking for like 10 minutes!"
"You were not running around the whole morning!"
"You don't even need sport." Germany laughed dryly. "Says the man that called me fat this morning." "I didn't! You are just eating too much into it!" - "Eating?" Germany hissed "now what's that supposed to mea- ouch!" Suddenly America stopped walking and Germany bumped into his back. "Ah, Gott-" "We arrived at our destinetion" america whispered, sounding almost reverently. Germany looked up confused.

He had to admit that the house didn't look bad. It was painted white with a few plants in front of the door. The grass in front was trimmed to a (what a garden knower like Germany knew) 5 centimeters making it look like it could be on one of those "perfect houses" - TV shows. It of course still didn't explain America's strange reaction. He was expecting something else. didn't move a muscle. "So- you're waiting for what exactly?" Now he shook his head, like if he was trying to tell him no, but then he finally started moving again. "Let's go!" He walked up to the door and rang the bell. They waited. Germany could see in his eyecorner that America started to become queasy. He was playing with his fingers. Scratching on his knuckles. Germany laid one hand over his. The country turned towards him and he smiled, trying to look as encouragingly as possible. Whatever America was afraid of, it seemed to nibble on him badly. The door opened and Philippines stood in the doorway. At first he seemed confused that America AND Germany were standing in front of him but he caught himself fast. Smiling at them, the brightest most honest looking smile Germany has ever seen. What perfect teeth, he thought. "Amerika and Alemanya. What a pleasure to see you two!"

What a Liar.

"Here!" America let the books fall on the ground. Germany jumped

at the sudden loud sound and stared at first the books, then Philippines, then America. The other countries lips were pressed together. His eyes seemed to glow in the morning sun "Next time you want something back, you need to come over yourself. I am not your delivery boy." Philippines seemed shocked himself. He stepped back, as if he was scared of America reaching for him in his sudden rage. "Of course!" He promised quickly. "Whatever!" America turned away just as fast but his German friend saw the pain in his eyes.

《Chapter.2》

"Wait! Wait!" America didn't seem to hear Germany or at least he acted like he didn't. His hands were balled into fists and he didn't even turn around to the german man who was struggling to keep up with his fast steps. "What was that?" Germany coughed behind him in-between his uneven breath. The idea of sport suddenly seemed to have slipped his mind. -"What was what?" Americas voice sounded rough, angry almost but Germany was too determined to find out what the hell was going on with his friend to *actually* leave him alone. "You acted like a Idiot back then!" Germany stated, matter of facts. America stopped walking abruptly and finally swirled around to face his smaller friend. His eyes were little slits and his lips pressed together tightly. "You are the Idiot!" He hissed which resulted in Germany rolling his eyes amused. "Wow that's your answer?" America opened his mouth but soon after, he pressed his lips close again, not knowing what to say. Germany was silently staring at his friend for a while. Taking in the sight of America. He was now scratching his knuckles again. A clear sign that he was nervous or uncomfortable even. He sighed."I may be a Idiot but even a blind person could see the tension between you and Philippines!" Germany could see his friend's right eye twitch. "Let's just say something happened in the past that I genuinely do not want to talk about right now!" He emphasized the last words and it seemed like he thought the conversation was over or at least he seemed to *hope* it was. America turned back around to continue his walk. "But what-" Germany continued but was cut off by the other country who now sounded furious. "Goddamnit Germany why are you so annoying today? Just shut the ***fuck*** up, okay?" The German country was now in shock at the sudden outburst of America. He could feel his own anger swelling up in him. "I am sorry that I care about you? Woah, are you always such a bless to talk to?" He hissed. It was silent for a moment and America could have sworn that Germany left but when he slightly turned his head to the side to look behind him without having to turn around completely, he

could see the smaller figure still following him. Now a few steps behind him but still close enough to hear him sigh annoyed. "What do you want?" He asked loudly to the figure behind him "Nothing. I am just walking." The answer came after a small silent pause."Sure you are."

After America closed his room door behind him, he felt the sudden wave of regret flood over him. He tried to argument with himself. Today just wasn't a good day for him. Of course he was glad that Germany decided to walk with him to Philippines place. He was hoping that someone would keep him company but why Germany? He was a nice guy. Sure he was, but also a very curious one. He sighed and walked into the kitchen to get something to drink. His throat hurt. He knew that that the german man didn't mean to make him angry so he cam to the conclusion to call Germany later. Once he calmed down a little. America could say that he had a stomach pain and that it was the reason for his stupid behavior. It would be a lie, of course and a stupid lie at that but he didn't want to tell his german friend the truth. Not now and not in the near future.

"Hey Austria. Is Germany at home?" His phone was laying in front of him on the kitchen table. He was scratching his knuckles. Again. "I am sure he is. Wait a second!" He was glad that out of the three of Germany's big brothers Austria answered the phone. Austria was the sweetest of them. Always helpful and reliable in every situation, as long as it doesn't hurt anyone else. A sweet country in general. America could now hear voices on the other side of the line but over the years his german had began to rost so he only understood a few words that were said and maybe he was even glad about that. "Deutschland? Erwartest du einen Anruf von Amerika?" Small silence. He heard q chair squik as it was pushed back. "Ja tue ich, aber ich hätte erwartest es dauert noch ein wenig. Hello?" America wasn't sure who was on the phone now. "Germany?" He asked confused. "No, It's Netherlands." "Oh that's weird. I-" The country on the other side giggled. "Of course it is Germany. How can I help you?" America cleared his throat. His hands were now sweaty, as he took the phone to be closer to his mouth. He was bad at apologizing. "I am sorry for how I acted earlier. I acted like a real-" He was looking for the right word. "Idiot?" Germany asked, on repeating his earlier statement but now it didn't make America mad

in any way. He just laughed amused. "Yeah you could say so." He could hear Germany sighing. "Listen America. I can kinda understand the why you acted the way you did I think and I am also a little bit sorry."- "A little bit?" - "Hey you called me fat! Stay in your place!" He hissed "I didn't-" "But anyway, maybe we could meet and talk about it?" Germany cut him off and America couldn't help but smile. The first honest smile today. "Yeah sure. We could drink a coffee?" He turned around while holding the phone letting his sight swipe over the papers all over the table in front of him. His eyes widened. "Ah shit. I am sorry Germany I forgot about the papers I have to-" "Bring them here!" "Pardon?" He asked, genuinely confused. "Yeah you heard me right. Bring them here! I think I could help you. I mean only if you are interested in coming over." America sighed relieved. He hates to work on papers that have a deadline. It stressed him out. A little help would be amazing. "Give me ten minutes! See you at yours!"

《Chapter.3》

"I am sorry for being late. I had alot to do." America wasn't good at lying. He never was good at it at the first place and he probably will never be able to lie at someone without immediately revealing only with eyes his that he wasn't speaking the truth. His brother is good at it. He remembered as clear as the day how 9-year old Canada started crying out of nowhere, telling his Dad that America had hit him. Well, he didn't but what was the point of trying to tell your dad that you, the troublemaker, didn't hit your poor younger brother who would never even dare lying? Oh yes. Canada was a good liar. He was born one.
So he wasn't suprised when his friend looked at him with disbelief written in his Face. Germany stepped aside so America could enter the house. "It's okay. I expected it." America gave him a friendly slap on the back of his head. Germany stumbled a little bit but caught himself immediately again and gave America a stern but amused look. The german man lead the way into the kitchen. America stopped and stared genuinely suprised. He thought that Germanys Family had alot of money and the outside of the house also has been looking very nobly but the kitchen looked almost the opposite. A small room with a small table in it. The only thing that looked pretty expensive seemed to be the wall covered in dark brown almost black wood and the table in the middle of the room, covered in the same wood. "My dad likes it to look noble." Germany mumbled as if he had read his thoughts. America nearly oversaw the man sitting on the table if that was even possible. He was massive. "Good morning Mr.Reich." The german Empire looked up from his newspaper. He looked at America as if he had to think about who he was. His eyes were tired and it seemed like they have lost their past light, that America knew all to well. "Good Morning Amerika." He stood up with a groan. The Empires face distorted in pain and immediately Germany rushed on his side. "Do you need help, Papa?"-"Nein. Don't worry. I am okay." Germany pressed his lips together and nodded as his father left the room,making place on the table for the other two countrys. The german man slowly sat down. He was silent for a little, staring at the table in front.

America thought he saw a single tear running down his cheek but maybe he was imagining it. "Alright, Hand the papers over!" Germany said in his usual voice, leaving America to believe he imagined it. Instead he pulled the work papers out of his bag and pushed them over the table in front of Germany so that he can look at them. As a reaction the country raised his right eyebrow. "United Nations told you to work on these papers?" He looked trough the papers. "All of them?", He stared at his friend in disbelief, who nodded, making a painful grimace "Are you seriousright now? Not even European Union gives me that much work." He sounded genuinely shocked. The american man sat down on the table in front of him, clearing his throat while pulling another pack of papers out of his bag "To be honest, I forgot to finish them and UN gave me more and more-" He mumbled and hoped his friend wouldn't hear him. Of course he did. Germany laughed dryly. "Oh so you were too lazy? Sounds about right. Are there any more in your magic bag?"-"Shut up and let's work on that goddamn papers!" Qmerica hissed trying to hide his red face by bowing over the papers.

"The sun is setting." Germany looked up, blinking confused. "It's already that late? It feels like we just started an hour ago." America grinned. "It's been five hours."-"You are joking right?" America made a dramatic handmove towards the window. He was right. The sun began to hide behind the trees of the Woodlands Germany lived near by. The german man starred at the papers in front of him "We aren't even halfway through-" He gasped. The stack of finished paperwork looked frustrating, almost depressing, besides the much bigger stack of unfinished sheets. Germany couldn't believe it had been five hours. He normally finished alot more work in that time but he and America sometimes got lost in conversations so he wasn't actually that surprised. "The next time we should work more then talking." He mumbled, sorting the papers into little stacks. America looked at him suprised. "The next time?" He shook his head determined. "I am really happy and honestly relieved that you helped me but you don't need to-"-"Shut up before I rethink my decision, Mister 'I-can-do-everything-alone'" He chuckled. America let out a repressed cough sounding almost like a laugh. Germany always said what's on his mind. Sometimes that would make you feel uncomfortable but at some other times it cheer up your day.

"Alright then help me if you want to!"

The sky that used to be bright blue and cloud free had made space for a stormy and rainy night sky. America shivered and pulled his jacket tighter around himself. He always thought that he didn't live that far away from Germany. It was only 15 minutes if you walk fast and ignore some red lights but now it feeled like 30 minutes or more. The road was busy with people driving home after work. Oh how America loved those people. They stand up and go to work when it is still dark and come home, when the sun has already set. No wonder they always look so depressed when they have not seen the sun all day long. "YO YOU FUCKING IDIOT WALK A LITTLE BIT FASTER, WILL YA?" America looked up and faced the silhouette leaning out of the car's door. "Well I could but you have red light anyway so you should shut the fuck up."-"HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT YOU BASTARD!" Oh how incredible. That's exactly what America needed. This guy probably gets pushed around and dominated by his wife all day and night so the only thing he could do to make himself feel like a little bit of a man is to scream at random people on the streets. That was exactly what he needed after a long day like this. America sighed, trying to hide the adrenalinepumping through hum. After all he wasn't in the Mood of screaming at a with testosterone pumped up monkey, who probably gets pegged by his wife every now and then. "Oh fuck off!" He just replied as an answer and continued his walk home, ignoring the man screaming after him in a incomprehensible spanish.

《Chapter.4》

Waking up in the morning wasn't America's best ability. Oh No, it probably was his worst. Australia, his brother, was a country that could stay up until morning and still be able to wake up without problems. America, on the other hand, always felt drunk after waking up. He was a deep sleeper. He remembered when a car crashed into the bathroom right next to his room and America only found out when Canada shook him awake thinking that he was unconscious. Sometimes, he wasn't even sure if he is really related to his brothers. His father on the other hand was exactly like him, if not even worse. Britain could sleep trough a war without even moving one bit, which America thought was honestly almost impressive and learn worthy. "Good morning Australia!" Australia was sitting on the Kitchen table. He was the first country America saw this morning. The other Family members must have left the house hours ago. Australia smirked at him "Good morning? It is almost 1 PM!" - "I said what I said." America mumbled as he grabbed a mug out of the dishwasher. He growled as he saw the brown coffee stains on the ground of the mug. Of course, no one thought about turning the dishwasher on. "One day we will be eating from the floor." Australia looked at him amused. "You say that like that's a bad thing" America didn't answer but turned on the dishwasher instead. He then turned around in a smooth movement and threw a slightly wet towel at his brother. "Get your nasty ass out of here." Australia immediately let out a high scream. "Ew, that shit was wet, Idiot!" - "C'mon you are not made out of sugar!" America loved Australia. He was one of the few countries in this house that is not busy all day or only interested in the question if you could drown in Marple syrup? America was sure that you could if you only had enough Marple Syrup but he didn't want to tell Canada.
Not that he will get the wrong thoughts.

"You ever had a nightmare so bad that you couldn't fall asleep after?" America turned towards Germany. That was a pretty specific question. "No. You know me. Even a nightmare wouldn't wake me

up." Germany giggled. He was facing towards the sky and the sunlight let the yellow on his face look almost golden. America had to admit that he looked good. "You look adorable right now do you know that?" Germany who had both of his eyes closed now cracked one open to look at America disapproving. "Your standards are pretty low." - "I know, that that's why I am here with you after all." Germany laughed. He threw his head back even more and the other man could see his sharp little teeth. America remembered being terrified of them when he was younger but now it made the Germanic country look incredibly special. Incredibly attractive. "Back to your nightmare question. Why did you ask? Do you have nightmares?" Germany wiped a few laughing tears from his face and shrugged. "Sometimes but they are mostly not about something specific. Just clowns, demons, ghosts, and- and Killerbats you know?" - "Killerbats?" - "Oh come on, everyone dreams about those!" They both laughed. And BOY! Did it feel good. With Germany, America felt like he could just laugh all his worries away. He looked at him. "Your teeth-" America started but then stopped almost looking embarrassed. "-Ah no it is not important sorry" - "My teeth?" Germany asked looking at his friend confused but curious at the same time "What about them?" America looked away. "Do you ever bite your tongue? Like- doesn't that hurt?" Germany blinked confused but then smiled amused. "After the few years I had to live with them you would think I would get used to them wouldn't you? Well, if I would get 1 Euro for every time I woke up with a bleeding tongue, I would be rich!" He giggled a little bit to himself. "And believe me eating salad with dressing is the absolute hell with a open wound in your mouth." He shivered.
They were silent for a while, sitting next to each other, facing the blue, endless sky. Germany leaned back laying down on the grass next to America. "May I ask you something? His American friend who had his head rested on his knees made a small sound showing that he was listening. "You seemed very- cold back when we visited Philippines. Did something happen between you two? A fight?" America almost choked on his own spit. He sat up again. Still not looking at Germany "No No-" He said sounding almost hysterical. "-Nothing happened. We just used to be friends it- didn't work out, you know-." Germany turned around. Now laying on his side he looked at America. He sighed. "Do you think I am stupid?" and America swallowed hard. No, of course he didn't think Germany is

stupid. He somehow even hoped Germany wouldn't believe him. It didn't feel right to lie to his friend. "Ehm... I mean, maybe we had something going on-" Germany looked at him confused. "You had something going on? What do you mean?" And that's when America started shaking. Never before had he talked to anyone about his sexuality before. Not even his family. A million thoughts raced through his mind, he saw countless different ways how Germany would react. And while he saw some where he would be accepted, his heart sank when he considered the possibility of him being seen as a freak, being rejected, being an outcast... But Germany deserved to know. Even if it killed him inside, even if the fear of rejection paralyzed him, he had to take the chance. “Well...”, he stuttered.. “Philippines and I- We were - I-I'm not - ” His heart was racing as he struggled to force out some words. Tears ran into his eyes. The room felt like it was spinning, the walls seemed to be coming closer, everything was hot, oh God he can't do this, he can't do this, he cant do this, he-

“Hey.”

Germany put his hand on America's shoulder, looking deep into his eyes. “Breathe. I'm here for you. Everything's okay.” Germany's words were soothing like the stream of a river, washing his anxiety away. He took a deep breath, wiped away his tears and, with a nervous cough, started anew. “I'm not exactly... straight. Philippines and I, we used to date for like, a year or something. It was nice for a bit, but after a while, everything just got ...toxic. He became controlling and tried to isolate me from my friends and family. Whenever I went out alone, he accused me of cheating. He would make me feel loved in one second and insult and scream at me in the next. But I stayed for way too long, because he was my first boyfriend. I.. didn't know any better. And when I finally hat the courage to break up, shit got nasty. Throwing stuff around, screaming, pushing, you name it. I remember him saying something along the lines of “You'll never find somebody else! You'll never be loved! Nobody will accept someone like you!” And some other awful shit about dying alone. It still haunts me.” He shivered and dared to take a look at Germany, who was silently staring back at him with an expression he couldn't identify. Why isn't he saying anything? He expected anything from him, he expected him being

disgusted, calling him all the awful names he's been called before, he expected everything, but not... nothing. Not the unbearable nothingness that tore into him like sharp knifes. Panic began to arise in him.
“Well don't just stare at me, say something!”
And after what felt like an eternity, Germany broke the silence.

《Chapter.5》

"I am so proud of you." Germany whispered. "I am so so proud of you." Immediately America could feel tears swelling up in his eyes. He sobbed, staring at Germany, who was now smiling at him, so honest, it made America's heart arche and his throat feel tight. "You do not understand how much it means to me that you told me that." His friend continued, sandwiching his right hand in his own pair, as if he couldn't feel USA's hand shaking in fear, scared of rejection or as if he decided to simply ignore it. "You are the first person-" America swallowed. It was hard to speak. It felt like the tears invaded his throat, blocking it completely. "-you are the first person I came out to. The first person who I told about Phillipine and me." And Germany smiled. His soft warm smile that could melt the coldest of hearts if needed. "May I hug you?' Germany asked in a whisper tone and America could do nothing but nod hastily and reaching out for the other country. Two warm arms wrapped around him, attempting to cover his shaking body. Germany's head rested on his breast and he leaned into it, laying his own head on top of his friend's. "Thank you." He simply said and Germany hummed understanding. The taller country allowed himself to close his eyes for a second, breathing in Germany's scent. It reminded him of a mix out of honey and roses. Probably Germany's perfume. Almost the exact opposite of his own. Woods and coal. Their smells mixing made America feel almost melancholic. "Please never be afraid of talking to me about anything." Germany said, mumbling into America's shirt. America swallowed hard. "I wish I would've met you before Phillipine." He could feel his friend smirk against his chest. "Why? Because I would've beat his ass?" And America smiled, feeling germany's black hair tiggle his cheek. "Yes.", he whispered "something like that." Once again silence fell over them. Germany started rubbing his neck up and down. It was comforting. "A few years back-," He swallowed, not knowing how to start. He could feel Germany breathing. Waiting. "-a few years back some countries found out about me- my sexuality. They didn't like it I suppose."

Now the other country looked up at him, looking almost terrified. He knew which countries he was talking about and what they are able to do. "America-" He said slowly and only continued as the other country looked down. "- I am so sorry to hear that. There will always be someone who won't like what you do but that doesn't make it wrong." America wiped his tears away and let out a laugh filled with sobs. "Oh God I can imagine that I probably look so pathetic right now." - "Not any different than before" Germany giggled at the soft slap on his head qnd the huff above him. "Ehem-" They jumped apart in a heartbeat. Germany even let out a surprised small scream. Australia stood at the door, a glass of water in his left hand and his eyebrows raised. "-I am sorry I hope I didn't interrupt anything?" America wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans. "No-", He said, his voice cracking suspiciously as he took a quick look at the smaller country next him. Germany had his hands placed behind his back politely, chewing on his bottom lip. "-we were just talking." Australia chuckled "of course you were." He spilled the glass of water into the sink before placing it on the counter. "If you are done 'talking'-" He made little synonymous symbols in the air with his hands. Clearly not believing them and America understood why. They probably looked weird so close to each other whispering not understandable things to each other. He shook himself. "-There is cold pizza in the oven from yesterday evening, you guys can warm up if you are hungry." Australia continued resulting in Germany coughing into one hand. "No thank you. I am sure my brothers already made dinner for us. They will get mad if I don't eat at home." Australia shot him a small smile, as he turned on the sink, letting the water run over his dirty hands. Germany knew that Australia handled dangerous animals. At least that was one of the many rumors he heard about the mysterious country, who didn't talk alot about himself. "Understandable. When do you have to go? Maybe you have some time to join me and New Zealand looking at out old photo books?" He winked into his direction and immediately Germany knew what kind of pictures Australia was talking about. America going stiff besides him only underlined his assumption. "I am sure I can make some time."

Grmany didn't regret staying longer. He didn't know what was better, seeing the pictures of America in diapers crying over his dropped ice cream or America's reaction to them. He clearly was

embarrassed, trying to reach for the photo book to ripp it out of Australia's hands only for him to hold it way over America's hands. If America was tall, Australia was a absolute giant. Germany chuckled at the thought as he laid on his bed spreading his arms with a big yawn. The day was exhausting, as much as he enjoyed it. It trained his social battery to a alarming amount. Bzrrr. His phone vibrated under him.

"Thank you again. I appreciate that you were there for me." America typed into his phone, hesitating over the send button. He never sent Germany a message before, only calling his home phone if he really needed to. The country felt ridiculous asking France for his neighbors number but at least the French didn't ask for what he needed it and only replied with a "k". A man of few words. America appreciated it. He looked away sighing before quickly pressing the send button before he decided against it.
Almost immediately a little "read" appeared under his message and then a small "writing" next to Germany's Icon which featured a brown dog which even in the picture looked absolutely massive. America wondered if they belonged to Germany before a ping pulled him out of his thoughts. "Absolutely no worries :) Feel free to talk to me anytime. don't forget that I am hear for you." America smiled at the message. It was nice to finally be possible to talk to someone about his fears who is not part of his family. He was ready to sent a nice message back, something like a "appreciate it." Or yes, even a cringey heart before a notification made him look up from his keyboard. He felt his blood run cold.

Phillipines
We need to talk